

# The Musical World.

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## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—LAST WEEK.—

**FAREWELL PERFORMANCES AT REDUCED PRICES.**—Monday, July 27th, **LA CENERENTOLA**, Last Act of **LA FAVORITA**; Tuesday, July 28th, **IL DON GIOVANNI**; Wednesday, July 29th (by general desire, and for the last time) **IL TROVATORE**; Thursday, July 30th, **LE NOZZE DI FIGARO** will be performed, with the following powerful cast:—**Susannah**, Mdlle. Piccolomini; **The Countess**, Mdlle. Ortolani; **Cheerubino**, Mdlle. Spazia; **Marcellina**, Mad. Poma; **Il Conte d'Almaviva**, Sig. Benevvenuto; **Basilio**, Sig. Belart; **Don Curzio**, Sig. Mercuriali; **Antonia**, Sig. Corsi; **Bartolo**, Sig. Rossi; and **Figaro**, Sig. Belletti.

The entertainments in the Ballet will combine the talents of Mad. Roati, Mlle. Katrie, Mdlle. Boschetti, and Mdlle. Marie Taglioni.

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## THE NONDESCRIPT, Miss JULIA PASTRANA.—

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**HER MAJESTY'S STATE BALL.**—**JOHN WEIPPERT'S** Royal Quadrille Band (of 45 artistes) had the honour of attending. Address, 21, **Soho-square**.

**MR. R. GLENN WESLEY** begs to announce that he has made arrangements with the following artistes, to give oratorios and concerts in the provinces during October next:—**Madame Rudersdorf**, Mdlle. Anadell, **Mr. Charles Braham**, and **Mr. Thomas**. Violinist—**Herr Molique**. Conductor—**Signor Alberto Randegger**. All applications to be addressed to **Mr. R. Glenn Wesley, 20, Queen's-row, Pentonville-hill, London, N.**

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**BOROUGH OF LEEDS.**—Wanted, by the Town-Hall Committee of the Council of the Borough of Leeds, **TENDERS** for an ORGAN to be erected in the Town-hall. Plans and specifications may be seen at the Town Clerk's Office, and the Organ to be erected strictly in conformity therewith, and of material and workmanship satisfactory to the Committee.

Specimens of the mixture of the various metals to be used to be submitted with the Tenders.

Sealed Tenders, addressed to "The Chairman of the Town Hall Committee—Tender for Organ," to be sent to the Town Clerk's Office, on or before the First day of August next. The Committee do not pledge themselves to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, **JOHN A. IKIN, Town Clerk**. Leeds, 14th July, 1857.

**DEBAIN'S SUPERIOR HARMONIUMS.**—Fournisseur de S. M. l'Empereur Napoleon III. et de S. M. le Roi d'Angleterre.—Entrepot, 41 A, **Queen-street, Cannon-street West, St. Paul's**.

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## MONS. JULES LEFORT'S New Song, "QUE JE

VOUDRAIS AVOIR VOS AILES," is published this day, price 1s., by **Boosey and Sons, 23, Holles-street**.

## ISABELLA VALSE, composed by ALFRED MELLON.

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## MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES; The Symphonies and

Accompaniments by **Sir John Stevenson** printed with the Words. Complete in One Volume, convenient and legible at the Pianoforte, but more portable than the usual form of musical publications.

London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans, and Roberts.

BOOSEY and SONS' Musical Library, 28, Holles-street.

## REVIEWS.

- No. 1. "A MORNING AND EVENING SERVICE IN THE KEY OF E FLAT."  
 No. 2. "HARVEST HYMN." The poetry by Martin J. Tupper, Esq.  
 No. 3. "HARK TO THE MERRY BELLS." A Christmas Carol. The words and music composed by Thomas Lloyd Fowle.

THESE compositions are smooth and tolerably well written; but present no other characteristic for notice.

"OLD ENGLISH DITTIES," from Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time," with symphonies and accompaniments, by G. A. Macfarren.

Reprints of choice songs, from the valuable collection upon which Mr. Chappell has bestowed such energy, talent, and research. The first three parts of Vol. I. are before us, and we heartily recommend them to all who love genuine tune, and to all who share in that national pride which has enabled Mr. Chappell to prove beyond further question that old England is richer than any other country in the possession of ancient and original melodies. Mr. Macfarren's task is performed with a master's hand.

"OLD ENGLISH DITTIES"—for three or more voices—from Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time." Harmonised by G. A. Macfarren.

We need say no more than that these are tunes from the same source, harmonised as part-songs by the same skilful hand, and equally recommendable on the score of utility.

"WEBER'S LAST WALTZ." By Brinley Richards. Dedicated to Miss Arabella Goddard.

Mr. Richards has turned Reissiger's (not Weber's) popular waltz into a brilliant, graceful, and thoroughly effective *fantasia*, which, under the fairy fingers of our great English pianist, would be sure to win a multitude of admirers.

"MAZURKE ETUDE"—To Mrs. Gabb—par F. M. Ward.

There is more of the mazurka than of the study in this piece, but not a great deal of either. Nevertheless, it is brilliant, and the second subject (in D, page 4), melodious.

"AH CHE LA MORTE"—With the last scene and march. J. Rummell.

Another pianoforte adaptation of some of the most admired passages in Signor Verdi's *Travatore*—and much better done, by the way, than the greater number of them.

"HARK TO THE WIND UPON THE HILL."—Composed by M. W. Balfe.

The most graceful, touching, and essentially *musical* setting of this exquisite little song in Mr. Thackeray's admirable romance of *Vanity Fair* that has hitherto appeared. Our busy composers should now let the subject rest for a time, and allow Mr. Balfe a chance of making Miss Becky Sharp sing her quaint ditty after his own congenial fashion. We doubt if a happier melodious utterance could be found for it.

"ANGEL SONGS," from *The Enthusiast*. Words by James Orton, Esq. Music by R. P. Stewart, Mus. Doc.

There is more than ordinary attraction in this song, the sentiment of the poetry being of a higher kind than is met with in the majority of such compositions, while the music illustrates it with happiness and force. Doctor Stewart is none of your common-place writers. An accomplished musician, although he produces (or, at least, publishes) little, he always does his best; and thus his efforts can never fail to win the approval of good judges.

"THERE'S A HEART IN YONDER ISLE." Written by Edward Thompson, Esq., and inscribed (by permission) to the Countess of Abingdon. Composed by Alfred Mellon.

A ballad which must recommend itself to everyone by its simple unaffected grace. The words, by Mr. Thompson, are really poetical; while the music, by Mr. Alfred Mellon, is so

natural, and fits them so well, that one might almost imagine them to have been produced simultaneously.

"LE GONDOLIER DU LIDO." Barcarolle pour le piano par J. Blumenthal, Op. 40.

Sentimental, melancholy, graceful, and written in the usual manner of M. Blumenthal, the pet pianist of romantic ladies (young and old) and their pet composer in the bargain. The *Gondolier du Lido* is not very difficult, nor is it very easy.

"QUICK MARCH," introducing the popular melody, "Good bye, Sweetheart," arranged for the pianoforte by E. F. Rimbault.

There are other tunes, as well as "Good bye, Sweetheart," introduced in this quick-march, and, among the rest, "Home, sweet home."

"BOLERO." Pour le piano. Par E. Aguilar. Op. 20.

This *bolero* has more than common merit. It is not merely a brilliant and effective piece, suited to the capacity of tolerably advanced performers, but it is instinct with the character of that peculiar national dance to which it owes its title. That it should be admirably written is only what we had a right to expect from a practised musician like Mr. Aguilar. Had this *bolero* been signed by a foreign name it would have sold in thousands; as it is, we hope, and believe, it may circulate at least in hundreds. A more useful and at the same time agreeable piece for the purposes of instruction we have not seen for some time, and, what is more, a *healthier*.

"GIGUE"—pour le piano—par Mozart.

There is no excuse for printing this *gigue*, capital as it is, without the slow movement by which Mozart prefaced it and from which it should never be separated.

"ABSENCE ET RETOUR," two Romances, by René Favarger.

"LES HUGUENOTS," Fantaisie, par René Favarger.

When we have written down the titles of these pieces, we have written all we can find to write about them.

"I QUATTRO FIORI."—No. 1. "LA ROSA." No. 2. "IL GIGLIO." No. 3. "LA GAGGIA." No. 4. "LA VAINIGLIA." *Stornelli Toscani* di Teobaldo Cieconi, Posti in Musica da Alberto Randegger.

These are all pretty songs, and, moreover, have a certain air of originality about them. The simplest, and perhaps the most catching melody, is that of "La Rosa;" but each has its attractions. The accompaniments, too, are delicate, and extremely well written. Why not translate the poems into English? The "Four Flowers" thus tunelessly apostrophised, would captivate even the ears of young ladies who don't understand Italian, especially.

Rossini's "CARITA"—for the piano—by Rudolf Nordmann.

Mr. Nordman has constructed a showy and effective school-piece out of Rossini's very genial chorus, the melody of which he has embellished in his accustomed manner, and with his accustomed success. The young "mees," as De Florac pronounces it, will here find her peculiar taste diligently consulted.

"THE ART TREASURES EXAMINER."

We have before us two parts of this paper, which purports to give a rapid sketch of the Manchester Exhibition. It is issued in weekly numbers, and judging from the first nine which have been forwarded to us, we think the projectors have taken the exact steps necessary to ensure the success of their undertaking. The text is well got up, and the articles contributed by Messrs. Ottley, Blanchard Jerrold, and Hammersly, (those of Mr. Ottley, one of the most able and accomplished of living critics, on art especially,) are interesting, pertinent, and illustrative. We protest, however against the poems of Mr. J. Cameron, and the dramatic sketches of Mr. C. Swain, as irrelevant to the matter. The sketches of the old masters are most welcome, the extracts from the older writers on art cannot fail to be instructive, and both



are made with taste and discrimination. So far, this new publication answers every purpose. As regards the illustrations, which constitute the principal feature in such publications, we can also award unqualified approbation, although we think a better choice might have been made, in some instances, and above all a less exclusive one. With all due respect for English art and artists, we do not understand why a work which purports to give an account of an exhibition mainly composed of foreign productions, should be thus exclusively taken up with engravings from the works of native masters. A little more variety would have been desirable. There are plenty of admirable masterpieces from which to choose in all departments of the art—treasures hitherto hidden from the public eye; and we should prefer seeing works which are not to be met with in all the print-shops of the metropolis.

"AS THE SUNSHINE TO THE FLOWERS." Ballad; the poetry by Jessica Rankin, the music composed and dedicated to the Most Noble the Marchioness of Hastings, by M. W. Balfe.

"SWEET SUMMER TIME." Song. The poetry by Miss H. O. Bodington, composed by Frank Mori.

The words of Mr. Balfe's very pleasing and genuine ballad are attractive enough to be quoted:

As the sun-shine to the flower,  
And the flower to the bee,  
As the moon's sweet light  
To the weary night,  
So is thy love to me.

Take from the rose the sun's warm ray,  
Its beauty fleeth;  
Steal from the bee its perfumed food,  
How soon it dieth!

Hide from the night the lustrous moon,  
'Tis dark and dreary;  
So is this heart without thy love,  
Lonely and weary.

As the sunshine, &c., &c.

Miss Jessica Rankin is a poet without effort, and Mr. Balfe has married her pretty verses to sympathetic melody.

We have already described "Sweet Summer Time" as one of Mr. Frank Mori's most graceful and finished ballads. If it is sent to us a third time for review, we shall only have to repeat the same opinion.

### THE MUSICAL UNION.

(From the *Athenæum*.)

THE Musical Union has been successful this year; and we are glad to record this, especially because Mr. Ella has ventured a little way in the introduction of novelties, which we hold as an essential to the continued health and life of the art. But this venturesomeness has led to consequences of a less pleasant quality, which it is not possible to pass over. We hoped that we had taken leave of Mr. Ella as a writer of paragraphs and panegyrics, but he seems resolute to provoke attention to himself by the indelicacy of self-praise, and the indecorum of dragging the private concerns of other persons into his journal. Such ill manners persisted in subject him who practises them to the charge of making a trade in, and a profit out of, ill manners. Something newer might have been provided for the glorification of the Musical Union and the diversion of its subscribers than the revelations after the manner of Barnum—the autobiographical confessions—the imputations and the comparisons—which have figured in the late numbers of the *Record*.

VERDI.—It is stated that Signor Verdi has entered into arrangements to produce an opera in 1859, at the Imperial Theatre in St. Petersburg, for a consideration of 80,000 francs (£3,200 sterling.) This is solid pay for perishable music.

### MUSICAL LETTERS FROM FERDINAND HILLER.

#### III.

### THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

BACH.—SCHUBERT.—SCHUMANN.—BERLIOZ.—LISZT.

(Continued from page 453.)

BERLIOZ is, indubitably, one of the cleverest of all known composers. His reputation as a critic is as great as his reputation as a composer. I would give something if the *libretto*, of which I have endeavoured to sketch the outlines, were not by him, and if he had to write a notice of it. What a shower of splendid witticisms there would be! What a sea of irony would flow from his pen! Unfortunately, he has not criticised, but written it himself—did not he laugh a little in his sleeve while so doing?

In all probability, any half-and-half opinions on Berlioz's music, will never be general. It is deficient in many qualities without which, for many persons, music ceases to be music, but, on the other hand, it possesses others peculiar to itself, which not only satisfy many persons, but render them perfectly enthusiastic. Schumann described in a most pregnant manner a considerable portion of Berlioz's talent, when he said of him, that he was a virtuoso on the orchestra. Not only has Berlioz, in his instrumentation, produced, side by side with much that is corrupt, masterly things, but he is, in his orchestral colouring, in the working-up of original and characteristic musical elements, very frequently thoroughly creative. But he is altogether deficient in spontaneity of invention—he translates into music pictures, situations, and persons, but as for the thought that should flow undisturbed from the soul—of that he knows nothing. People would think that for such an organisation words would be the best guide to the invention of musical ideas, but such is not the case. Lightness, flexibility, and naturalness, in a melodic point of view, are, above all things, necessary for vocal composers, but Berlioz is deficient in these qualities—no matter whether naturally, or from the violent tendency he has imposed on his style. With a bold, and often bizarre rhythm, with abrupt and frequently far-fetched harmony, almost nothing is gained for vocal music, however brilliant the instrumentation may be. Thus all those compositions of Berlioz which obtained for him the most friends and admirers, are invariably instrumental pieces, and in those of his so-called symphonies, in which there were also vocal pieces, it was only the first which stood prominently forward and became known. Now, no one could have made any objection, had Liszt, who was always an enthusiastic admirer of Berlioz, inserted in his programme some considerable orchestral composition of his, which, however, would not have taken up too much time; such, for instance, as the overture to *King Lear*; but, in selecting this *Enfance du Christ*, he was guilty of a most incomprehensible blunder, and inflicted on Berlioz direct and serious injury. While the treatment of the story is with its stilted simplicity particularly disagreeable to us Germans, the music of the first and third part is so bombastic, so unsingable, so spun-out, and, moreover, so little calculated adequately to employ, or even to inspire a large chorus, that, when I became acquainted with it at the preparatory rehearsals here, I at once foresaw the worst. How it ultimately went off, I will with all simplicity relate to you.

The first rehearsal, which was a very long one, came off on Friday afternoon. Liszt took a great deal of pains, and I will willingly set down in some degree, to the account of such a wretched rehearsal, where no progress was made, and at which not even all the soloists were present, the impression which the work that day produced on the listeners, as well as the feeling of weariness it excited in the executants. It was a bad sign, even then, that, after remaining silent for several hours, or refraining, at any rate, from the slightest sign of approbation, the chorus and orchestra, after the fatal harp and flute trio, broke out into a storm of undisguisedly ironical applause. Every one returned home in a bad humour.

The second rehearsal did not take place until Monday afternoon. Meanwhile Dalle Aste had been attacked with hoarse-

ness, but Herr Rheinthal had most willingly undertaken his part, for, had he not done so, the concert could not have come off at all. The theatre was crowded to overflowing, and the beginning of the work was listened to with silent eagerness; soon, however, a very evident feeling of dissatisfaction obtained the upper hand, and when even the second part, which is by far the most pleasing and most intelligible, passed by without applause, and the boxes continued to grow more and more empty, Liszt himself seemed to lose courage. He left his place, talked the matter over with the members of the committee—who, long before, would have preferred that the work should not be executed—and, on his return, announced that in the evening only the *Flight into Egypt* would be given, while the first and third parts would be given up—a piece of intelligence which was received with undisguised delight by the orchestra. Schumann's work was now gone through in all haste, and—from Liszt's point of view—the most important composition was taken out of the programme, and a great deal of time and trouble uselessly thrown away.

But to come to the evening, which commenced with Bach's cantata. The first varied chorale, where the intermediate pieces take up a great deal too much room, went loosely and incorrectly in the orchestra. The air for the bass was omitted. The following airs passed off without effect, but the magnificently harmonised chorale produced a powerful impression. If now, as it had been determined, Bach's "Hallelujah," which had fallen among the audience like a bomb at the Friday's rehearsal, had been brought in here, it would probably not have produced a weaker impression than on the occasion referred to. But something was wanting for the end, and old Bach was removed thither, where such a short piece, after all possible kinds of modern music, no longer was, or could be of any effect.

After this came Schubert's genial Symphony. Liszt took the *allegros* in a very rapid tempo, and they were thus galloped through with a certain fire, and received with great applause. In spite of this, however, that, with the exception of a few passages, there was not the slightest approach to anything like delicate execution; anything like bringing prominently forward the melodies, or keeping down the quartet; a beautiful piano or even pianissimo, in a word, anything that constitutes for a cultivated ear the charm of an instrumental performance, there was no sign. After the manner, however, in which the work had been hurried through at rehearsal, it would have been a miracle had matters turned out otherwise. The *andante* suffered most; its finest passages were completely spoilt by a coarse *mezzo-forte*. It was not until during the Symphony that it was decided *Dalle Aste* would not appear in "Des Sägers Fluch," by Schumann (although there had been some hopes he would do so). Rheinthal undertook the part of the Harper, and, like an excellent musician, got through it very well, although the music is too high for him. Göbbels, especially, sang the Provençal song charmingly, and the male choruses were admirable. Herr Acken, an accomplished dilettante of Aix-la-Chapelle, gave evidence, in the part of the King, of a fine voice and an intelligent conception, though his pronunciation was not all that could be desired. The part of the Queen is so little conspicuous, that even a Mad. Milde could not make much of it. The performance, generally, was obscure, and anything but properly studied—it was got through without accident and that was all!

At the commencement of the second part, after Liszt had announced to the public the important changes in the programme, we had one of his so-called *Symphonische Dichtungen*, entitled "Festklänge." As we know, Liszt began his career as a composer for the orchestra by publishing six such compositions, which have lately often been discussed. To most of them is prefixed a kind of explanation in prose or verse, a statement of what the composer wanted to express or paint; in one word, a programme. The propriety of such programmes has been much disputed; I own that I do not think the question one of any very great importance, and that I look upon it in pretty much the same light that the Austrian looked upon religion. On being asked what religion he preferred above all others, he replied:

"It is all the same to me whether a man is a Christian, a Jew, or a Turk, if he be but healthy." So, provided music be but healthy—if it be only genuine music, standing on its own merits, it is no matter by what means the composer arrived at it. Of Liszt's *Symphonische Dichtungen*, the "Festklänge" is the only one, by the way, which has no preface, motto, or anything of that description, and yet it produces on me the impression of following the course of a poem, or something of the kind, with ballet-music fidelity. Such a series of tunes ranged one after the other can scarcely originate in purely musical inspiration; it is very certain that Liszt had something more in view than what we can gather from the simple title of "Festklänge" (Festive Sounds).

The festive sounds of the kettle-drum, with which the composition opens, are followed by pious and sentimental, warlike and ecstatic, bacchanally wild and hoppingly soft sounds—nay, even a part of a "polonaise brillante" is several times introduced, in a bravura style, which reminds one of the most extreme specimens of Henri Herz's music for the pianoforte. Some of the motives are graceful and pleasing, but others verge very closely on the trivial, and the far-fetched harmony by which they are accompanied makes the impression produced still worse by the glaring opposition in which they stand to the melody and the rhythm. Liszt has, however, endeavoured to blend into a whole the motives, thus ranged one after the other, by working them out and varying them in every possible way, as well as, moreover, by repetitions which by their regularity have for me something snobbish.\* That all the resources of the most modern instrumentation are brought into requisition, and that here and there we are treated with a suitable "bang," is a matter of course; several of the softer passages are, however, scored very nicely, and sound charmingly, while others bear their pianistic origin too clearly branded on their forehead to produce a good effect in the orchestra.

To my taste, the whole is marked, for an orchestral composition, by something too capricious and disjointed. Executed by Liszt upon the pianoforte, and thus brought into immediate connection with his individuality, it would, I think, please more. After the performance, however, immense applause, with flourish of trumpets, flowers, etc., were showered upon him—and although this is to be accounted for by the fact that the "Festive leader" was as much concerned in this result as the "Festive sounds," I do not doubt that the composition pleased many persons very much. Liszt has had a notice printed, that his orchestral pieces by no means "lay any claim to every-day popularity." With reference to the present work, he was too modest, and I am inclined to believe that it will achieve a kind of notoriety which, perhaps, will not be agreeable to the composer from his particular point of view.

The *Flight into Egypt*, the second part of Berlioz's work, which has been so much discussed, is too insignificant for a musical festival. A half-fugued instrumental movement (during which the composer supposes the assembling of the shepherds around the infant Jesus) is followed by the farewell song of the latter, a song in three strophes for four voices, which, to some extent, resembles the well-known piece, "Entfieh' mit mir," by Mendelssohn—it is, however, longer, and contains vocal passages and modulations which never could have entered the head of a composer of the year 1879, and never should have entered that of a composer of the year 1852. In spite of all this the general effect is very pleasing. A kind of pastoral, that is first introduced as an instrumental movement, and afterwards reappears, sung by the narrating tenor, contains some naively melodious passages, with charmingly thoughtful instrumentation. The two or three bars of "Hallelujahs," sung by the chorus of angels, and concluding the whole, Liszt, in obedience to the directions of Berlioz, caused to be executed by a small number of voices from the highest part of the orchestra. This succeeded only tolerably; and I think he would have done better to have had them sung by the entire (female) chorus. The simple chords of the tonic and dominant, which con-

\* This is, we think, the equivalent of the original word, *Philistines*.—TRANSLATOR.

stitute the principal portion of this conclusion, need, when correctly sung by a large number of clear voices, no especial art of arrangement. They will for ever prove beautiful and effective.

I have already given you my opinion concerning Bach's chorus, which terminated the concert, and I believe I have nothing to add to my notice, which is, perhaps, already too diffusive. I will send you, to-morrow, an account of the third and so-called Artists' Concert, and hope that, for my own sake and for yours, I shall be able to be more brief. Meanwhile—

FERDINAND HILLER.

(To be concluded in our next.)

### HANDEL.\*

(Concluded from page 454.)

On the 26th February, 1752, Handel produced his last work *Jephtha*, on the composition of which he had bestowed a much longer period than he was in the habit of bestowing on his works. He commenced *Jephtha* on the 21st January, 1751, and completed it on the 30th August. But then he was sixty-seven years of age, and his sight had begun to fail him. The last pages of the MS. prove that he could not see clearly to trace the notes. Yet his courage did not desert him. Afflicted as he was, he was still ready to respond to the call of charity, and to give his talent and services to the Foundling Hospital, where he presided at a second performance of the *Messiah*, and improvised on the organ.

Three times did he submit to a painful operation, the last occasion being in 1752. In the *Theatrical Register* of the 4th May, in that year, we read :

"Yesterday, George Frederick Handel, Esq. was couched by William Bramfield, Esq., surgeon to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, when it was thought there was all imaginable hopes of success by the operation, which must give the greatest pleasure to all lovers of music."

Unhappily, the hopes of his friends were not to be realised. Like his mother, Handel was doomed to pass the remainder of his life in blindness. From a paper of the 27th January, 1753, we learn that

"Mr. Handel has at length, unhappily, quite lost his sight. Upon his being couched some time since, he saw so well, that his friends flattered themselves his sight was restored for a continuance; but a few days have entirely put an end to their hopes."

When Handel became blind, he thought he could no longer preside, as he was wont to do, at the organ. He sent, therefore, for his pupil, Christopher Smith, then travelling in France, "to assist him in the approaching Lent season." Smith threw up everything to fly to his old master, and the two began the season on the 9th of March 1753. Among the oratorios selected for performance was *Samson*. Despite of all his courage and resignation, Handel could not listen unmoved to the air, "Total eclipse! no sun, no moon!" He turned pale and trembled; and, when he was led forward to bow his acknowledgments to the audience, the scene was so affecting that many persons were unable to restrain their tears. That year it was Smith who presided at the organ, but Handel afterwards resumed his accustomed post up to the end of his career. This, combined with one or two other facts, induces M. Schœlcher to believe that Handel subsequently recovered his sight to a certain degree, and that, if he looked very closely at anything, he was able to see a little.

Calamity and suffering, in conjunction with old age, seem now to have paralysed Handel—at any rate, he wrote nothing occupying any considerable time. At the beginning of 1759, his health declined more and more, and he lost the enormous appetite for which he had always been famous. Mainwaring says, "He was very sensible of the approach of death, and refused to be flattered by any hopes of a recovery." Still, however, his usual activity did not altogether desert him. The *Public Advertiser* of the 24th of February, announces the

opening of the oratorio season for the 2nd of March, by "*Solomon*, with new additions and alterations; on the 9th, *Susannah*, with new additions and alterations; on the 14th, 16th, and 21st, *Samson*; on the 23rd and 28th, *Judas Macabeus*; on the 30th of March, and on the 4th and 6th of April, *The Messiah*." This performance of *The Messiah* was the last the great composer ever lived to witness. He returned home, went to bed, and never rose again, yielding up his soul on the anniversary of the first performance of *The Messiah*, Good Friday, the 13th of April, 1759, aged seventy-four years, one month, and twenty-one days.

After having to record the almost ceaseless persecution to which Handel was exposed for so long a period, it is gratifying to the biographer to be able to state that, for, at least, ten years before the close of his career, all hostility against him had been stilled, and even his most inveterate foes, the nobility, had the good sense and frankness to acknowledge themselves vanquished by his genius. After paying all his debts, he left behind him a fortune of £20,000.

A fact related in the *Anecdotes of Handel* gives us an insight into the unswerving, unshakeable honesty and honour which formed the great characteristics of all his conduct. He had promised Smith to leave him all his manuscripts, but, thinking they would be better preserved in a public library, he subsequently wished to bequeath them to the University of Oxford. He offered Smith three thousand pounds to renounce the moral claim this promise had given him. Smith refused compliance, and when Handel's will was opened, it was found that all the manuscripts belonged to Smith.

As usual in such cases, people began to appreciate Handel properly directly they had lost him. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. "On Friday night," says the *Universal Chronicle* of the 24th April, 1759, "the remains of the late Mr. Handel were deposited at the foot of the Duke of Argyle's monument in Westminster Abbey; and though he mentioned being privately interred, yet, from the respect due to so celebrated a man, the Bishop, Prebends, and the whole Choir attended to pay the last honors due to his memory. There was a vast concourse of people of all ranks." The *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1759 says that it was computed that not fewer than 3,000 persons were present on the occasion. Dr. Zachary Pearce, Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster, preached the funeral sermon. His monument was inaugurated on the 10th July, 1762. It is from the chisel of Roubiliac, and represents Handel leaning towards a table covered with musical instruments, and an MS. of *The Messiah*, open at a leaf on which is written, "I know that my Redeemer liveth!" Handel has his face slightly turned upwards, and a pen in his hand, while an angel, seated on a cloud and playing on a harp, seems to dictate to him. The background of the monument consists of an organ. The inscription beneath it runs as follows:

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, ESQ.,

Born February xxiii, MDCLXXIV.

Died on Good Friday, April xiii, MDCCLIX.

L. F. Roubiliac, Sc.

The date of his birth is incorrect. It should have been "1685." There is another inscription, above the monument, commemorating the festival held in Handel's honour, in the Abbey, on the 26th and 29th May, and the 3rd and 5th June, 1784, in the presence of George III.

As we have already stated, Smith inherited all Handel's MSS. and musical books. The King of Prussia offered £2,000 for the former, but Smith refused to part with his treasure, or allow it to go out of England. He afterwards became attached to the household of the Dowager Princess of Wales, mother of George III. She granted him a pension of £200 a-year, which, after her death, George III. continued out of his privy purse. Smith, who was then growing old, was touched by this kindness on the part of his sovereign, and, in return, gave him all the MSS., Handel's harpsichord, and the marble bust executed by Roubiliac; keeping for himself a portrait, painted by Denner in 1736 or 1737, and the scores Handel had used when conducting the performances of his works. Such is the origin of the Handelian collection now in Buckingham Palace.

\* *The Life of Handel*, by Victor Schœlcher: London, Trübner and Co., 57, Paternoster-row.



### NEW UNIVERSAL SINGING METHOD, BY MR. W. BALFE.

MR. BALFE'S object in composing this method was to come to the assistance of those persons who cannot obtain the assistance of a master, by giving them a few simple rules and exercises conducing to the development and cultivation of the voice. In spite of the old adage, we maintain that a little knowledge is better than none. It is not every pupil who, even in London, can command the services of the best masters; and there are many whom want of time precludes from the possibility of giving music all the attention which they would wish. There are many others living far away from large towns, who cannot obtain musical instruction on any terms. To these persons Mr. Balfé has addressed his new method, and in so doing he has supplied a great desideratum. Mr. Balfé has discarded the use of solfeggi, and, bearing in mind the end he has in view, and the class of students for whom he composes, we think he has done wisely. He supplies their place by some simple and pleasing melodies, into which he introduces the intervals, and in good time the principal embellishments of the vocal art. His advice to pupils is very good, and calculated to ensure rapid progress, if properly attended to. The exercises are progressive, and quite sufficient to effect the execution of vocal music of ordinary difficulty. Mr. Balfé has written a method which will be adopted by the million, and its price puts it within the reach of all classes.

### THE ORGAN FOR THE LEEDS TOWN-HALL.

YESTERDAY afternoon, the Town-Hall Committee of the Leeds Town Council met for the purpose of receiving and deciding upon the report of the sub-committee appointed to examine the plans sent in for the erection of an organ in the Town-Hall. It may be remembered that the Town Council, last year, voted a sum of £5,000 for the erection of an organ in the large hall; and that the Town-Hall Committee advertised for plans and specifications for an organ, the cost of which should not exceed (exclusive of case, etc.), £4,000. Eight sets of plans were sent in, and a sub-committee was appointed to examine and report upon them. The sub-committee reported that they had examined the various plans and specifications sent in, and recommended that the plans marked "*Semper fidelis*," should be adopted. The Town-Hall Committee then passed the following resolution:—

"That the report of the sub-committee on the organ plans now read be adopted, and that the sum of £150 be awarded to those plans bearing the motto "*Semper fidelis*," as the best set,—to be paid only on condition that the committee can succeed in making a contract for the completion of the organ in all respects equal to the specification sent in, and of material and workmanship satisfactory to the organ committee, and for the stipulated sum of £4,000."

The chairman (Mr. Ald. Hunter) then opened the sealed envelope bearing the motto "*Semper fidelis*," and announced to the committee that these plans had been sent in by Messrs. Henry Smart, London, and Wm. Spark, Leeds. The organ committee were then instructed to advertise for tenders for the erection of an organ according to the plans and specifications which have obtained the prize. The organ, therefore, is now in a fair way of getting into the hands of the builders; and in regard to the completion of the hall and the erection of the tower, we may add to what we said a fortnight since, that the arrangements then making are now completed, and that the hall and tower will—if all goes on well—be completed next summer. The interior work is being pushed forward with the utmost vigour; and, in addition to securing an ample supply of stone, a contract has been entered into for the workmanship of the tower. We understand that an effort will be made to secure the holding of the annual meeting of the British Association next year at Leeds; and if this effect proves successful, the Town-Hall will be completed in time for their reception.—*Leeds Mercury*.

[A full description of the plans of the organ will shortly appear in the *Musical World*.—Ed. M.W.]

M. TAUBERT has finished a new opera for Berlin, called *Macbeth*.

### THANKS WHERE THANKS ARE DUE.

(From "*Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*.")

WE beg to state, and we have the *Musical World* to back our statement, that Rossini has composed two new pieces of music for Vivier, the artist, who discourses so eloquently on the horn. If there is any gratitude in the musical profession, we hope shortly to hear of a monster musical meeting, at which all instruments will be represented, from Jullien's Falstaff drum down to Picco's penny whistle. And we expect, or we shall be wofully disappointed, that a resolution, like the following, will be unanimously carried at that meeting:

"The thanks of this talented assembly are due to Monsieur Vivier (the Paganini of the horn), not because he is a talented artist, inasmuch as all the world is sufficiently aware of that fact already, and our praise upon that (musical) score would be more likely to offend than please him; not because he is a *bon enfant*, or a *bon vivant*, or a *bon diable*; not because he is one of the greatest wits or the best practical jokers of the present period; not because he says and does the most absurd things in the world, such as have made his honoured name a synonym in artistic circles for good-natured laughter; not because he has talents, as loudly pronounced as the notes of his horn, such as would have made him, if he had not been a good musician, a good actor, a good author, or a good politician; not for any of those reasons, but simply and largely, because, by the magic of his nature, by the charm of his friendship, by the worth of his talents, &c., &c., he has induced Rossini to take up his pen once more, and endow the world with two additional gifts of his genius. It is from this reason, that, as musicians, deeply loving music, we thank Monsieur Vivier for the great boon he has conferred on the musical profession. It must be confessed that his influence has effected more than managers and publishers, with all their bribes, threats, persuasions, and tempting offers, have been able to achieve before, and we beg to thank Monsieur Vivier accordingly."

We only hope that Vivier will, at the earliest opportunity, allow us, by coming to London, to be sharers of the great treat that Rossini's generosity has conferred upon him.

M. LISZT.—We are told that Liszt, tired of being the butt for the anger and abuse of his former friends, both in France and Germany, is preparing a pamphlet which will silence his adversaries. He wishes, it is said, to unmask them, in making known the business of all kinds that he has had with each of them, personally, or by correspondence. If Liszt makes up his mind to publish a book of this kind, it will excite great curiosity, and have a great success.—*France Musicale*.

THE LATE THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.—On Friday evening some of the men engaged in removing the ruins of the late theatre, came within view of the foundation-stone, which was laid by George IV. There was a hole in the stone in which was found a brass box, and in which had been deposited several of the current coins of the realm at the time the stone was deposited. The box was sent to his Grace the Duke of Bedford, the landlord of the estate, in consequence of a condition of sale, which was to the effect that if the box was found it should be given into his possession. The inscription on the foundation-stone was as follows:—"Long live George Prince of Wales." It is stated that the box will be sent to Her Majesty, who, on the destruction of the theatre, so sincerely exhibited her sympathy at the calamity, with a hope that she will allow the heir-apparent as Prince of Wales, to deposit the same box on the next foundation-stone of the building.—*Times*.

ELSECAR.—Mr. Clemow adverted to the importance of unity, quoting the old fable about the bundle of sticks. He was gratified to see so many smiling faces, and urged that it was a great mistake to suppose that the interests of employers and employed were antagonistic. Good masters made good men, and good men made good masters. (Cheers.) The speaker alluded to the estimable character of Earl Fitzwilliam, and mentioned that though he had been much among the workmen in different parts of England and Wales, he had never seen a more happy and contented village than that of Elsecar, or one with nicer and trimmer cottages, better cultivated gardens, or where a better feeling prevailed among the inhabitants. (Cheers.)

**THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.**—This evening, the Comedy, *VICTIMS*; and (by request) *THE HOUSEKEEPER*; concluding with the New Ballet, *THE GLEANERS*. Commence at 7.

**THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.**—This evening, *THE CUSTOMS OF THE COUNTRY*; *THE FAIRY CIRCLE*; and *LATEST FROM NEW YORK*. On Monday next Mr. Webster will appear in *GEORGE DARVILLE*. Commence at 7.

**ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—This evening, *THE TEMPEST*; preceded by the Farce, *LIVING TOO FAST*. Commence at 7.

**ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—This evening, the New Burlesque, *MASANIELLO*. Preceded by *A COMEDY*. Commence at half-past 7.

**ROYAL SURREY THEATRE.**—This evening, *IL TROVATORE*, and *THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT*. Commence at 7.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. JOHN MITCHELL.—Apply to Mr. Gimson, the Secretary, at the Royal Academy of Music, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square.

### THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 25TH, 1857.

Why should there be only one enthusiasm? Why should M. Lenz be debarred from going into ecstasies about Beethoven, while M. Oulibicheff rhapsodises, unquestioned, about Mozart, and M. Schœlcher (who protests he knows nothing of music, and shows it in his contempt for Mendelssohn) gets hysterical upon Handel?

We are of opinion that M. Lenz, and his book on Beethoven's three styles, have been unfairly censured; that M. Oulibicheff is the very last man to have taken the matter in hand; and that M. Fétis (the coldest of critics, whose early instructions endowed the world with an *Ella*), in half endorsing the strictures of M. Oulibicheff, lays himself open to an equal charge of unfairness.

Surely there is room for Beethoven as well as for Mozart, for Handel as well as for Bach, for Mendelssohn as well as for any of them. If men choose to be one-sided, and forget that art is many-sided (polyhedric, Mr. Carlyle would say), it is their own affair. Let them worship their own ideal, and leave others in peace. We cannot, at one and the same time, be idolators and iconoclasts.

M. Oulibicheff would seem to hold a different notion, since, while prostrate before his idol, he would fain upset the idol of M. Lenz. The new work, entitled *Beethoven, ses Critiques et ses Glossateurs*, comes with an ill grace from the author of Mozart's biography. M. Oulibicheff would have done more wisely to abstain—for, though his book is both clever and amusing, it proves that his musical instincts are narrowed by prejudice, that his apprehension of the philosophy of art is limited, and that he who could analyse Mozart so admirably stands puzzled and abashed in presence of the more metaphysical and daring genius of Beethoven. Our own feeling in this matter is to treat every man's religion with respect, and gather what good may be obtained from all. No one can have devoted a life of energy to the contemplation of a particular model (as M. Oulibicheff has done in respect of Mozart, and M. Lenz, less comprehensively, of Beethoven) without good results for the community at large. Much that escapes the notice of a less partial observer, and yet deserves to be known, becomes revealed to the searching

eye of the enthusiast. It is for us to profit by his enthusiasm, without sharing his prejudices. A lover thinks his mistress perfection, while a simple admirer of beauty sees defects which escape the doting eye of passion, and, admitting that she is beautiful, denies that she is perfect. Nevertheless, the lover and his love are worthy of sympathy.

M. Oulibicheff loves Mozart, and to his adoration we are indebted for one of the most earnest, complete, and charming books that musical literature can boast. He loves Mozart as Romeo loved Juliet, and, in the expression of his idolatry, he rises to the highest and most persuasive eloquence. When you read his life of the great musician you believe every word of it. The passion of M. Lenz for Beethoven is of a wilder and more savage kind, and reminds you of that of Polyphemus for Galatea. M. Lenz repeats himself incessantly, and his

"O ruddier than the cherry!  
O sweeter than the berry!"

goes on, with ever increasing vehemence, to, the end of the chapter. Yet both these men and their idolatries have brought good fruits, and we cannot abide that the hard eye of the bibliophilus should stare them out of countenance. M. Fétis is no more fitted to meddle with such critics and such books than Dr. Samuel Johnson—a far greater and a wiser bibliophilus than he—with the star-crossed lovers of Verona. What, however, most vexes us, is not so much that M. Fétis should bestow an icy smile of half approval upon M. Oulibicheff, as that M. Oulibicheff, instead of continuing to sing the praises of Mozart, should devote himself to a labour so infinitely less congenial, and at the same time utterly futile, as that of attempting to depreciate the man who guided the chariot of art when death had unnerved the hand of his mighty predecessor.

ONE of the two leading humorists of the day has this week distinguished himself as the leading "good-humorist." Never, probably, has any mortal stood so severe a trial of temper as has been inflicted this week upon Mr. Thackeray. Certainly no mortal could pass through the ordeal with greater glory. On Monday he is nominated one of the candidates to represent the city of Oxford in the House of Commons, and the show of hands is in his favor. On Tuesday, however, he is defeated by his opponent, Mr. Cardwell. On Wednesday evening he comes to St. Martin's Hall, and there delivers a lecture on "Week-day Preachers" in remembrance of Mr. Douglas Jerrold. Trying days, these, especially the latter two; but the good humour of Mr. Thackeray has remained unruffled to the last. If there was a day on which a doubt might arise respecting this equanimity, it was Monday—the least trying of all the three, for then, indeed, he launched out against the Peelites in terms far from moderate.

His speech on Tuesday, delivered to the Oxford folk after the decision of the poll against him, is surrounded by a perfect halo of benevolence. He tells his audience a funny story about two prize-fighters, that he might have introduced into one of his ordinary lectures, with the intention of showing that when a contest is over, the victor and the vanquished ought to shake hands and be friends. His partisans express their indignation at the result of the conflict by hisses and cries of "Bribery," but he tells them not to hiss, and exhorts them to refrain from opprobrious shouts. Declaring himself to be in favor of Sunday amusements, and hinting that his sentiments on this subject were



among the causes of his defeat, he ends his speech with these words: "I will retire, and take my place with my pen and ink at my desk, and leave to Mr. Cardwell a business which I am sure he understands better than I do."

This is a fine specimen of thorough good-humour, but the master-piece has not come yet. We all know that a defeat, however trifling, is invariably attended with a certain sense of humiliation. A man would rather lose a game of chess during a *titte-à-tite* with his adversary, than in a room crowded with lookers-on; and he whose farce has been damned at an ordinary theatre, does every thing he can to diminish the chance of meeting his friends in the lobby. The loss of the game at chess may have been accompanied by the clearest demonstration of the loser's consummate skill, and the sentence passed on the dramatic creation may have been most unrighteous, but still a defeat is a defeat, and the vanquished party would always like to plunge into his own *sanctum*, and have his sulk fairly out.

Now observe the refined cruelty with which destiny treats Mr. Thackeray. The melancholy result of Tuesday is not published till Wednesday morning, when Mr. Thackeray's defeat becomes, of course, the "topic of the day." It is on the evening of this very Wednesday that he appears at St. Martin's Hall, and there delivers his lecture in the presence of a multitude in whose minds the events of Tuesday are uppermost. No ordinary multitude either; but a multitude liberally chequered with personal friends. A friend, in the strict sense of the word, is, of course, the very person that one would like to see at a period of reverse, but when the friends are a score or two in number, they include many with respect to whom the most sacred of terms must be construed with a certain degree of laxity. The appearance of a *friend* (italicised) to a man in trouble is something celestial; the sight of an "acquaintance" something infernal.

At the meeting that ensued between Mr. Thackeray and his audience at St. Martin's Hall, both parties behaved admirably. The audience applauded, till the modern antique building shook again, on purpose to show that their sentiments had nothing in common with those of the 1,085 Cardwellites of Oxford. Mr. Thackeray, in his turn, began his lecture by a quiet reference to a walk he had taken in the city of Oxford the day before. The Gordian knot was solved. The infinite good-humour of the lecturer at once overflowed, and was found sufficient to supply the whole body of the audience. Have none of our readers ever been in the position of meeting a friend, who has lately passed through the Insolvent Court, or whose wife has eloped, or who has figured in a not very reputable police-report, and felt a sort of embarrassment as to the manner in which to accost him? What a relief if the sufferer himself at once springs to the subject deemed most painful, and cracks a joke at his own expense? We have no doubt that, a few minutes before eight o'clock, many kind "friends" in St. Martin's Hall were conjecturing how "Thackeray" would look, and asking one another whether he would seem depressed. And how *did* he look? Why, as bold and cheerful as possible, and a chuckling allusion to his own defeat was the first utterance of his lips. One roar, and there was the end of the matter. Instead of remaining a grim phantom before the minds of the audience, the Oxford election was fairly and formally dismissed: it had received its *coup de grace*, and people were at leisure to listen to pleasant genial things about Addison, Steele, Fielding, Goldsmith, Lamb, Hood, Dickens, Thackeray himself—and last, not

least, about that blue-eyed, Douglas Jerrold, "in remembrance" of whom the lecture was delivered.

And how did Mr. Thackeray feel *after* the lecture? Of course we cannot say, with any degree of certainty, but we will allow ourselves to guess,—and our guess tells us that he felt for that intellect-appreciating audience, who applauded what they liked, without thinking of consequences, and who revered genius, without testing it by the standard of prejudice, a degree of admiration that he could not have entertained for the mob of would-be saints and tricky dealers in petty politics whom he had addressed at Oxford. "Man is never in earnest but when he plays," says Schiller, and surely Mr. Thackeray is fulfilling a higher vocation, while he is addressing the people during their really serious hours, than he would fulfil by becoming one of the throng who take part in the complicated game of politics. Men of inferior genius will do for politicians; let Mr. Thackeray stick to his pen and his platform.

We may close these remarks by quoting the words uttered by Goethe, when all the world was rejoicing that the celebrated Suabian poet Uhland had taken an active part in politics:—

"Mind the politician will devour the poet. To be a member of the States, and to live amid daily jostlings and excitements, is not for the delicate nature of a poet. His song will cease, and that is, in some sort, to be lamented. Suabia has plenty of men, sufficiently well educated, well-meaning, able and eloquent, to be members of the States, but only one poet of Uhland's class."

Let us rejoice that our Thackeray has not been devoured by the great stone ogre that raises its head so terribly in Palace Yard.

HERR MARSCHNER is gone, and the only sign of his having been among us was a modest concert in Lord Ward's Gallery, organised by his compatriot, Herr Reichardt, the singer!

MADLE. JOHANNA WAGNER quits the theatre immediately after her marriage.

HERR ERNST has gone to Boulogne-sur-Mer, for the purpose of playing at the first Philharmonic Concert. Herr Reichardt is also engaged for the same occasion.

M. JULES DE GLIMES is at Spa.

SIGNOR SIVORI has left London for Baden-Baden, where he will remain during the season.

M. LITOLFF, the pianist and composer, has received a decoration from the King of the Belgians.

SIGNOR TAMBERLIK.—This eminent artist has returned from the Brazils, covered with laurels and burdened with gold. He leaves in a few days for Brussels, where he will remain a short time to recruit himself, previous to his return to St. Petersburg, where he is engaged for the ensuing season.

M. JULIEN has returned to town, to conduct the concerts at the Royal Surrey Gardens, after a *tour* of unexampled success in the provinces.

ITALIAN SINGERS IN AMERICA.—We read in *Dwight's Boston Journal of Music*, that Mdme. Frezzolini is engaged for the New York Academy of Music, and will commence in September. Better late than never, although we fear it is too late. The same authority informs us that Messrs. Thalberg and Ullman, at present lessees of the Academy, are in treaty with Mr. Lumley, and that the "troop" of Her Majesty's Theatre will, perhaps, stay a part of the winter in New York. Possible, but not probable.

MOTETT CHOIR MEETING.—The third and last meeting this season of the Motett Choir of the Ecclesiological Society took place on Thursday evening. The choir is composed of the young gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, who are under Mr. Helmore's care, and a number of ladies and gentlemen addicted to church music. All the pieces went off well, and gave great satisfaction.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday the subscription season was brought to a somewhat premature termination. The performances consisted of *La Traviata*, the final scene from *Marco Spada*, for Madame Rosati, and a new *divertissement* entitled *Alpea*, for Madlle. Marie Taglioni. The great popularity of Madlle. Piccolomini made the opera in which she had achieved her greatest renown a happy choice for the winding up. Although in other characters the young artist may have raised herself higher in the estimation of thinking people, with the general public she is most intimately associated with *Violetta*. The performance was admirable, as usual—the last scene, we are inclined to think, more powerful and impressive than ever. It was, indeed, a tender farewell, and Madlle. Piccolomini was determined not to leave many dry eyes in the house. In fact, you would almost have fancied she forgot all about the two ultra-extra weeks, and that no repetitions of the *Traviata* were so soon to follow. She wept aristocratic tears on Saturday to the subscribers, and kept her popular anguish for the middle classes at half-price. Of course Madlle. Piccolomini underwent the usual hard labor of an ovation—had to come forward numberless times, to bow, curtsy, and bend until her frame must have ached, and to pick up bouquets *ad perpetuum*. Madlle. Piccolomini bore it all with magnanimity, and appeared as fresh when she snatched up the last bouquet as at the commencement of the opera.

Signor Giuglini, too, came in for his share of enthusiasm, while Signor Beneventano shone by the reflected lights of soprano and tenor.

In the *divertissement* from *Marco Spada*, Madame Rosati and the corps de ballet obtained a tumultuous encore in the sparkling *tarentella*.

As for the new ballet-*divertissement* entitled *Alpea*, by M. Paul Taglioni, music by M. Hertel, we cannot pretend to say what it means. A *pas d'action* by Madlle. Marie Taglioni, and a *Syn pathie—pas de deux* by the lady and M. Charles, were both admirable, and evoked the loudest applause. Madlle. Marie Taglioni has made wonderful progress of late years. It required no great powers of prophecy to foretell her career when she first appeared on the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre as a mere girl not long since; but even prejudice could hardly have anticipated so brilliant a career as that which she is now on the point of achieving. Madlle. Marie Taglioni, in fact, is one of the most accomplished dancers of the day. Her execution is surprising, the most difficult steps and bounds being accomplished with consummate ease; while for grace of motion and elegance of deportment she cannot be surpassed. Furthermore—and this is indispensable to a great dancer—Marie is singularly prepossessing in appearance. Her face is handsome; her form perfect; and she has an eye and smile both of which speak most intelligibly to the heart. Had the *pas de deux* occurred at a reasonable hour in the evening it would have created a furor. As it was, every one applauded Marie and M. Charles, although the *pas* was the last dance of the ballet, and nothing followed.

The extra season at reduced prices commenced on Monday. *Lucia di Lammermoor* and an act of the *Barbiere* were the operatic performances; the ballet—the *tableaux* from *Marco Spada*. On Tuesday the *Figlia*, with last act of the *Favorita*, and *Marco Spada*. Wednesday, *Il Trovatore*, with, between the acts, a *pas de deux* for Madlle. Hilariot (her first appearance) and M. Baratti, and *Alpea*. Thursday, *La Traviata*, with a *pas de deux* between the acts for Madlle. Marie Taglioni and M. Charles, and *Marco Spada*.

The performance last night is entitled to a separate paragraph. Rossini's comic opera, *Cenerentola*, his most brilliant, perhaps, after the *Barbiere*, was produced to allow Alboni to shine for one night in her greatest part. The cast embraced, besides Alboni as Angelina, Sig. Belart as the Prince, Sig. Belletti as Dandini, Sig. Rossi as Don Magnifico, and Madlle. Berti and Baillou as Thisbe and Clotilde.

No part better than *Cenerentola* serves to display the various gifts of Alboni to advantage. In the first scene, where, while her more favoured visitors are employed in discussing the artifices of costume, *Cenerentola* prepares their coffee at the fire-side, the quaint romance, "Una volta c'era un Re," brings out low

notes as sweet and rich as the softest tones from the horn. Nothing can be more prepossessing than the simplicity with which Alboni says, rather than sings, this unpretending melody. In the *cabaletta* of the duet with Don Romario her flexibility is first denoted, while the infantine archness with which she addresses her unknown companion, in the words:—

"Deh scusata, perdonate  
Alla mia semplicità"—

has an irresistible charm. The last scene of the first act, where *Cenerentola* appears veiled, as an unknown guest at the Prince's ball, offers an example of the florid ornamented *largo*, in the pure Italian style, unexampled for breadth and dignity, combined with grace of style. In the delivery of such phrases, it must be admitted, Alboni stands without a competitor. The second act is chiefly distinguished for the celebrated *adagio*, "Nacqui all'affanno," and the brilliant *rondo* with variations, "Non più mesta," which terminates the opera. Alboni's execution of these movements realises the *beau idéal* of the vocal art. When we hear her pour forth, with a wealth of tone and style of phrasing, which, lavish in elegant *floriture*, is the essence of artistic finish, the large and flowing melody of the *adagio*, we cannot but lament that such a simple and expressive style of writing should be hopelessly on the wane, and that a voice and method like Alboni's should ever be exhibited—to satisfy the external craving for novelty, to which the continual transformations in the forms of art are attributable—in performances perhaps more vehemently exciting, but assuredly less natural and pure. The *rondo*, "Non più mesta," in the hands of Alboni, as a feat of mechanical execution, has never been surpassed, if, indeed, equalled. It is not merely the faultless correctness with which the scales, ascending and descending, distant intervals and florid diversions are taken, nor the roundness and satisfying quality of each particular note, nor the astonishing fluency with which the rapid melody escapes from the lips of the songstress, that calls for admiration; but, beyond all this, a certain unconsciousness of the effect she is producing, a child-like innocence that plays upon her features, when she is in the act of accomplishing the most extraordinary difficulties, and which, while it would plead successfully for a multitude of sins, exercises an indescribable spell upon the hearers when allied to such absolute perfection.

The reception of Alboni was such as is only accorded to the most favoured artists. The first tones of her voice in the romance, "Una volta," fell upon the ear like some cherished melody of early days, and at once aroused the sympathy of the audience. The florid *cabaletta* in the duet with Don Ramiro created a "sensation;" and the *largo di bravura* in the first finale—"Sprezzo quei don che versa"—was applauded with enthusiasm. The excitement created by "Non più mesta," and the *largo* which precedes it, we shall not attempt to portray. The encore and recall were but common-place matters when compared with the breathless interest and suppressed murmurs of delight which accompanied the execution of these movements from end to end. Alboni never more triumphantly sustained her reputation as one of the greatest singers of the age, and in her own especial style the greatest.

Of the other parts we can only speak generally. Sig. Belart sang the music of the part charmingly, as did also Sig. Belletti that of Dandini, and the opera excited the greatest enthusiasm. The last scene from *I Martiri* followed, for Madlle. Piccolomini and Sig. Giuglini, and the ballet entertainments comprised the talents of Mad. Rosati, Madlles. Marie Taglioni, Katrine, Boschetti, etc.

The theatre was crowded to suffocation. *Cenerentola* will be repeated next week.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Vocal Association, comprising 330 male and female voices, will make its second appearance to-day, under the direction of M. Benedict, in the central transept of the Crystal Palace. The success which attended its first appearance there has induced its indefatigable originator to renew his visit. The programme includes some of the best compositions in vocal music, which, from the antecedents of the company, we may expect will be done full justice to.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday, *Fra Diavolo* was repeated, and this was by many degrees the best performance of the four. We have now no doubt that Auber's masterpiece will constitute one of the most attractive pieces in the repertory of the Royal Italian Opera, in spite of certain drawbacks consequent upon its transference to the Italian stage. Mad. Bosio, whose seeming indifference on the first night—by no means surprising taking all things into consideration—did not escape notice, had warmed into her part, and acted, not only with becoming grace and propriety, which she never fails to do, but with requisite *esprit* and vivacity. The air from *Le Serment* was loudly encored, and all the music given with that exceeding brilliancy which is the characteristic of this accomplished artist. Mad. Marai, too, who had appeared anything but at home in the part of Lady Allcash, for the first time entered into the spirit of the music and the drama, and achieved a decided success. Sig. Gardoni is much improved in his acting, and begins to put on a more ferocious aspect and a more brigand-like air when that is necessary. As for Ronconi, being never the same, it is impossible to say how he intends to fill out the portrait of Lord Allcash in the end. Perhaps a more humorous piece of acting was never witnessed on the stage. Of course it is a caricature, but as the character was intended to be such, both by poet and musician, it would be unjust to censure the artist.

We are more than delighted at the success of *Fra Diavolo*, since it may lead to the production of other masterpieces of Auber, which are too little known in this country.

Monday was an extra-night, when, as on the previous Monday, a combined attraction was given. *La Traviata* was followed by Goldoni's comedy *La Locandiera*, in which Madame Ristori made one of her greatest triumphs as a comic actress. We have noticed this exquisite performance in another part of our columns.

On Tuesday, Mdlle. Victoire Balfé appeared for the first time as Lucia, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. It was her second essay on the stage, and few indeed who had seen her could imagine she was a mere novice to the boards. Not only was the grace of girlhood apparent, together with the fascination derivable from good looks and an innate elegance of manner, but the ease of deportment, gesture, and motion, which takes actors years of study and experience to acquire, seemed to be attained without an effort—or, rather, must have sprung from that true instinct which is kin to genius. So far from being awkward, or committing solecisms in action, Mdlle. Balfé was appropriate in every movement, and invariably filled the stage with the art of a thoroughly experienced performer. Indeed, as an actress, the youthful *prima donna* may already be denominated accomplished; and, judging from her pristine efforts in the histrionic line, we have little doubt that Miss Balfé is destined to occupy the very highest rank. Not less unqualified must be the praise bestowed upon her singing throughout. A little more power alone is wanting to render her performance unexceptionable. But this will come with years, and strength, which years only can confer. It is no matter of surprise that Mdlle. Balfé should sing like a thorough artist; she has had the great advantage, from infancy, of instruction from her father, who was one of the best of living singers, even in an age when good singers were not scarce. She has also been taught by the most accomplished Italian masters on the continent, and has devoted all her energies for years to study.

The appearance of Madlle. Balfé at once prepossessed the spectators in her favour. She looked the very picture of Walter Scott's gentle heroine, and no doubt took her idea of the character from the novelist, which, indeed, has been but little disturbed in the opera. Donizetti wrote two airs for the entrance of the soprano—"Regnava nel silenzio," and "Perché non ho." Singers select one or other at pleasure. Madlle. Balfé chose the *andante* of the first, and the *cabaletta* of the second. She sang both movements admirably, the first with that delicacy of expression and tenderness befitting a romantic young lady over head and ears in love; and the second, with that brilliancy and buoyancy betraying the heart filled with

hope and enthusiasm. The embellishments in the *cabaletta* were extremely fanciful and happy, and executed to perfection, the chromatic passages and shake being especially remarkable. In the duet with Edgardo, Madlle. Balfé made some charming points, vocal and histrionic, and proved herself thoroughly imbued with the meaning of the words and scene. In the duet in the second act, where Enrico forces Lucy to consent to the marriage with Bucklaw, Madlle. Balfé wanted a little more power to give effect to her fervor and energy. The scene of the malediction was beautifully acted, and sung with infinite expression and feeling. The whole demeanour of the young artist throughout this trying situation, was wonderfully natural and striking. Equally fine and true was the mad scene, which in some respects, indeed, we have not seen surpassed. The melancholy infused into the air, "Ah! non piangere," was quite affecting. In short, Madlle. Balfé's success was legitimate and triumphant, and threw the naturally cold audiences of the Lyceum into ecstasies.

Signor Neri-Baraldi made a respectable Edgardo, and Signor Graziani displayed unwonted energy in Enrico. The Bide-the-Bent of M. Zelger and the Normano of Signor Polonini were both excellent. The cast, nevertheless, was capable of improvement.

On Thursday *Fra Diavolo* was repeated.

## HERR REICHARDT'S CONCERT.

THIS concert merits a separate record, both on account of the eminent musician in whose honour it was given, and the real excellence of the programme. Dr. Heinrich Marschner is well known to all musical England. The name of the composer of *Der Vampyr*, *Templar und Judin*, and *Hans Heiling*, indeed could not but be widely celebrated. In 1828 *Der Vampyr* was produced at the Lyceum Theatre in an English dress, and ran upwards of sixty nights. Such was its success, that Dr. Marschner was engaged expressly to write an opera for Covent Garden, which desirable event, however, did not come off. In his own country, and among modern writers, Dr. Marschner enjoys a reputation as an operatic composer second only to that of Weber and Spohr, and Meyerbeer. His compositions betray a decided predilection for the classic school; his invention is prompt and lively, and his melodies graceful and flowing. His operas become great favourites wherever they are heard; and it is surprising they should have been neglected in a country like England, which patronises musical talent so extensively.

The concert on Friday (yesterday week) given at the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall—always by kind permission of Lord Ward—was interesting not only from several pieces of Dr. Marschner's being introduced, but from the appearance of Dr. Marschner himself, who performed twice on the piano; in the overture to *Hans Heiling*, arranged for two pianofortes and eight hands, with MM. Osborne, Tedesco, and Benedict; and in a trio, composed by himself, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, with Herr Molique and Signor Piatti. Though now a sexagenarian, Dr. Marschner has not lost his command of the key-board. His touch is fine and elastic, and his execution masterly. The overture to the popular opera of *Hans Heiling*, we need hardly say, suffered considerably by its translation to the pianoforte. Its characteristic feature, however, and consummate musical treatment, could not escape observation, and the audience were unanimous in their approval. The trio was still more liked, as may be imagined, and the last three movements loudly applauded. The *andante*, with a charming passage for the violoncello, exquisitely played by Sig. Piatti, would have created a furor in a larger assembly of the sterner sex.

The vocal contributions to the programme, by Dr. Marschner, consisted of a duo, "Die tanzenden Mädchen," for soprano and contralto; *lied* "Der Kuss" for tenor; two ballads for contralto, "Die Bäume grünen überall" and "Der Schmetterling;" and an aria for tenor, "Du stolzes England," from the opera *Templar und Judin*. The tenor airs were both admirably sung by Herr Reichardt, and both encored. The first, however, only was accepted; the latter, being the final piece in the concert. The song from the *Templar*, by the way, is a tribute to the glory and



liberty of England, which, had it been given in the native tongue would have created an enthusiasm of another kind.

Another interesting feature of the selection was a new song by Meyerbeer, composed expressly for Herr Reichardt, entitled "Des Schäfers Lied," with clarinet accompaniment. This is a charming shepherd-strain, pastoral in character, plaintive and melodious, was sung to perfection by Herr Reichardt, whose vocal powers and style the illustrious composer has consulted with his usual felicity.

Madame Marschner, the wife of the composer, has a powerful *contralto* voice, and an energetic style. She sang the duo of her husband's above named, with Mdle. Westerstrand, and the two ballads by Marschner also alluded to, and proved herself a clever and experienced mistress of the vocal art. Mdle. Westerstrand introduced her two Swedish songs with her usual effect.

The other vocalists were Mad. Ugalde and M. Jules Lefort. Sig. Piatti executed a solo on the violoncello, and Sig. Belletti a solo on the clarinet.

Mr. Francesca Berger and Mr. W. G. Cusins conducted.

Mr. ROBERT BARNETT, the distinguished professor and talented pianist, played a selection of music before his pupils at his residence, in Albany-street, on the 23rd instant. The programme is worthy of being recorded:—

Sonata in D	...	...	...	Mozart.
Momento, "Capriccioso"	...	...	...	Weber.
"Genevieve," and "Study in E"	...	...	...	Bennett.
Songs without Words	...	...	...	Mendelssohn.

Sonata, "Les Adieux, l'Absence, et le Retour"	Beethoven.
"Days of Yore" ... ..	Cramer.
Caprice in E ... ..	Mendelssohn.
Harmonious Blacksmith ... ..	Handel.

Mr. Barnett's performances were listened to with the greatest delight; and the "practical" lesson thus given to his pupils will, no doubt, stimulate them to fresh exertions, so as to render them worthy pupils of so talented a master.

#### CONCERTS.

HERR VON DER OSTEN gave a musical evening (*soirée musicale*), at Willis's Rooms, on Friday, June 26th. The singers were—Madlle. Augusta Stubbe, and Herr Von der Osten; instrumentalists—Herr E. Pauer (piano), Herr Molique and Herr L. Ries (violin), Herr Goffrie (viola), and Herr Feri Kletzer (violoncello). The music was well selected, and embraced F. Ries's quartet in C minor, Op. 126, for two violins, viola, and violoncello, and Beethoven's trio in D, Op. 70, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello. Herr Von der Osten sang, among other things, Beethoven's suite of six songs, "An die Ferne Geliebte." Herr Pirscher, conducted.

SIGNOR BAZZINI gave a musical morning at Willis's Rooms, on the 27th ult. The vocalists were—Madlles. de Westerstrand, Caroline Wagner, and Augusta Stubbe; Signors Solieri, Guglielmi, and M. Lefort; instrumentalists—Sig. Andreoli, pianoforte; Herr Engel, harmonium; Sig. Bazzini, and Sig. Favilli, violin; Herr Goffrie, viola; Sig. Piatti, violoncello. The feature of the concert was a posthumous quartet by Donizetti, which, however, did not create any great effect. Miss Augusta Stubbe sang very nicely, and promises to be an acquisition to the concert-room.

HERR OSCAR DE LA CINNA, the pianist, gave a morning concert at the Dudley Gallery, on Monday, the 29th ult., and was assisted by Signorina Antonietta Mary (from the Royal Opera, San Carlos, Lisbon), and Miss Stabbach, as singers, and by Herr Molique in the instrumental department. Herr Oscar de la Cinna played several pieces of his own composition, and joined Herr Molique in Beethoven's famous Kreutzer duet, for piano and violin, Op. 47.

Mr. G. W. CUSINS's second and last *matinée musicale* came off at Willis's Rooms, on Monday the 29th ult. The programme was very attractive. The pieces played by Mr. Cusins included Mendelssohn's sonata in B flat, Op. 45, for piano and violoncello, with Sig. Piatti; Hummel's septuor, in which Mr. Cusins was

assisted by Messrs. R. Blagrove (violin), Piatti (violoncello), Howell (contra-basso), Pratten (flute), Nicholson (hautboy), and C. Harper (horn); Handel's *Harmonious Blacksmith*; Heller's *La Truite*; and, with M. Remenyi, Thalberg and De Beriot's duo for pianoforte and violin on airs from *Les Huguenots*. Mr. Cusins displayed his usual command of the instrument.

A DISTINGUISHED and brilliant company assembled in the magnificent saloons of the Marchioness of Downshire, 24, Belgrave-square, on the occasion of the *matinée musicale* of Mad. RUDERS-DORFF and Sig. ALBERTO RANDEGGER, on Thursday, the 2nd inst. The artists assisting were Mdle. Antonietta Mary, Sigs. Stecchi, Bottardi, Monasi, Nerini, and Annoni, MM. Jules Lefort, Charles Braham, Thomas and Allan Irving, vocalists; and Sig. Andreoli, Mdle. Eloise d'Herbil, and Herr Engel, instrumentalists. The first part of the programme was devoted entirely to compositions of Herr Randegger, including selections from operas entitled *Bianca Cappello* and *Gianni*. Herr Randegger writes well for voices; and the pieces were judiciously chosen both to display his own talent as a composer, and to set off the singers to advantage. In such an aristocratic assembly, of course frigidity was the order of the day; nevertheless an innovation was made on their usual indifference, and a mild encore was bestowed on the terzetto, "De Parigi io son Borghese." Mad. Rudersdorff occasionally, by the fire and impetuosity of her singing, warmed the audience up, and almost urged them to something like a display of enthusiasm.

#### A COMPANION TO THE OPERA OF "IL DON GIOVANNI."

THE story of Dr. Faustus, the despairing scholar, whose desire after forbidden knowledge led him to form a compact with the Evil One, has existed from an early age in a narrative form; and at the present day the student may have it either as it was recounted at length, in a goodly volume of the sixteenth century, or comprised within the limits of a chap-book, to suit the exigencies of less patient readers. But the no less celebrated Don Juan, who was carried off by demons in the midst of his earthly career, not on account of any written compact, but as a retribution for an impious and licentious life, is almost without a chronicler. His wickedness and his terrible end would seem, indeed, to have been generally celebrated throughout the district of Seville, before Tirso de Molina, the first poet who placed the libertine upon the stage, made choice of a theme that the genius of Mozart has since endowed with immortality. Don Eugenio de Ochoa, the editor of the *Tesoro del Teatro Espanol*, in a preface to Molino's play, observes that Don Juan Tenorio, the hero of the story, belonged to one of the twenty-four illustrious houses of Seville. One night he killed the Commandada Ulloa, whose daughter he had previously carried off; and the murdered man was buried in a Franciscan convent, where his family held a chapel. The friars, having decoyed Don Juan into their convent, and deprived him of life, spread the report that he had insulted the statue of his victim, which, by way of retaliation, had plunged him into the infernal regions.

However, this story, which is no condensation, but really contains the entire tradition, is so exceedingly meagre, that notorious as the name of Don Juan may have been in his own country for several centuries, his fame can scarcely be said to have had a definite shape till he was brought upon the stage. If, as some suppose, he was an intimate friend of Pedro the Cruel, King of Castile, something like two centuries and a half must have elapsed before he became a theatrical figure, for the monk, Gabriel Tellez, who wrote under the name of "Tirso de Molina," lived from about 1570 to 1650. Molina's play is entitled *El Burlador de Sevilla y Convidado di Piedra*, and was fortunate enough to attract the attention of some itinerant Italian actors, who took it into France. In one of the suburbs of Paris an Italian modification of the Spanish piece was performed, and seems to have inspired Molière with the idea of his celebrated *Festin de Pierre*, which was first performed in 1665, at the theatre of the Palais Royal, though it may be observed that a French drama on the same subject, written by Villiers, and entitled *Le Festin de Pierre; ou, le Fils Criminel*, had been

performed in 1659, at the Hotel de Burgogne. Two other French versions, one by the actor Dusmenil, the other by Thomas Corneille, followed that of Molière at short intervals. The English tragedy, entitled the *Libertine*, written by Shadwell, celebrated as the object of Dryden's satire, seems first to have introduced the subject to the London public. It was first played at Dorset Gardens in 1676.

Between these earlier versions of the Juan story and the libretto of Mozart's opera, written by Da Ponte, there is a difference with respect to the catastrophe. In the former the divine retribution does not visit Don Juan when the Statue, in compliance with his invitation, comes to sup with him; but the *Libertine* is invited to return the visit, and it is in a scene in which the Statue is the host and he is the guest, that his destruction takes place. Two of the versions, Dusmenil's and Shadwell's, give the *Libertine* a pair of friends, who share his fate when the Statue's visit is returned. Da Ponte, on the other hand, destroys the *Libertine* without going through the formality of a second festival.

However, the celebrated Goldoni, who, in the course of the last century, wrote an Italian play on the subject, entitled *Don Giovanni Tenorio, ossia il Dissoluto punito*, had departed so much from the original legend, that Da Ponte's book, in spite of minor differences, may be regarded as a return to the old story. With a prosaic veneration for probability, Goldoni omits all the supernatural agency that gives the tale its peculiar colouring. Don Juan does indeed sup with the Commander, but it is before the death of the latter; the Statue, too, is introduced, but it is a mere stone image, that remains fixed in the churchyard where Don Giovanni is struck dead by a flash of lightning. The comic servant, who is called "Catalinon" by Tirso de Molina, "Arlecchino" by the old Italian, "Sganarelle" by Molière, "Jacomino" by Shadwell, and who afterwards revives in the "Leporello" of Da Ponte, is likewise left out in Goldoni's later production.

Fortunately, Goldoni found no imitators; but in a ballet, to which the music was composed by Gluck, and the date of which is about 1765, the old terrible catastrophe is preferred to the prosaic modification. The Statue comes to sup with Don Juan; Don Juan goes to sup with the Statue; and then comes the retribution as in the early dramatic version. An Italian opera, composed by Vincenzo Righini about twelve years afterwards, is exactly on the same principle. The music to this work is entirely forgotten.

Last in the series of dramatists is Lorenzo da Ponte, who was born in 1749, and died in 1838, at New York, where he was director of the Italian Opera. He had so highly pleased Mozart by his libretto of *La Nozze di Figaro*, which he wrote in 1786, that in the following year he was asked by the great composer for another work, which now exists in that of the immortal *Il Don Giovanni*. By this *chef-d'œuvre* all the previous versions of *Don Juan*, both musical and dramatic, are eclipsed, and as the *Faust* of Göthe is now the *Faustus par excellence*, so is the *Don Giovanni* of Mozart the only acknowledged form of the Spanish libertine.

However, while the music of *Don Giovanni* is renowned all over the civilized world, and the opera belongs to the repertory of every lyrical theatre, it may be questioned whether the public has generally apprehended the purport of Da Ponte's work. A vagueness in the selection of the decorations has contributed not a little to render the story obscure, although the drama is really a master-piece, if we consider the variety of lyrical expressions to which it affords scope, and the skill with which a complicated action is wrought up to a final result. On the occasion of the restored *Don Giovanni*, which is now to be produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, we feel that our labours will not be superfluous if we describe the progress of the plot and the dramatic signification of the principal musical pieces.

Nothing can be more absurd than the ordinary stage-arrangement by which the stirring incidents that introduce the action of the drama are made to take place in a public street. Did not long habit check all tendency to reflection, the most careless spectator would at once perceive that these incidents could only occur within the precincts of the Commander's residence.

There would be nothing repugnant to common sense in selecting the court-yard of the Commander's palace at Seville, as the spot on which the action commences. But a more picturesque effect is obtained if we suppose that the villa of the venerable grandee is invaded by the reckless libertine, and that the garden attached to the villa is the place in which all the characters are brought together. In the improved version of *Don Giovanni*, the rising curtain discovers a Spanish garden, rich in the trees and flowers of the South, and faintly illumined by the first dawn of day. On one side, in the extreme background, is an elegant pavilion; on the other is the façade of the principal building. Leporello is keeping watch in front of the pavilion, from which Don Giovanni and Donna Anna suddenly rush forth. Concealing his face with his mantle the libertine endeavours to escape, without betraying his identity, while the lady, clinging to him, declares that she will rather die than allow him to depart. The cries of Donna Anna bring from the house her venerable father, who presently appears with a drawn sword in one hand, and a torch in the other. While the lady, terrified at the danger to which her father is exposed, hurries into the house to obtain assistance, Don Giovanni, whose first object is concealment, strikes the torch from the hand of his adversary, and the stage is again nearly dark. The challenge of the Commander to draw and defend himself is, at first, slighted by Don Giovanni, who disdains to engage with an opponent so much his inferior in bodily strength; but all such considerations are soon dispelled by the taunts of the old man, and a combat ensues, which is terminated by a mortal wound inflicted on the Commander. The words uttered by the homicide at this solemn moment—

"Ah già cade il sciagurato,  
Affanoso e agonizzante  
Già dal seno palpitante  
Veggio l'anima partir."

are entirely free from the levity which generally pervades his character, and we may suppose that something like remorse comes over him, when he perceives the aged noble perishing at his feet. When the life of the Commandant is extinct, Don Giovanni first remembers Leporello, who has hovered in the background, an unwilling witness of the conflict, and who now comes forward, scarcely knowing whether his master or the Commandant is the victim. The whole of these incidents, from the rising of the curtain, are comprised in the Introduction.

As soon as the master and the servant have effected their escape from the scene of horror, Donna Anna returns from the house, accompanied by her betrothed lover, Don Ottavio, and a number of attendants bearing torches. On discovering the corpse of her father, she expresses, in fragmentary sentences, the wildest grief:

"Al l'assassino  
Mel trucidò—quel sangue—  
Quella piaga—quel volto  
Tinto e coperto del color di morte."

So utterly is her mind unhinged by the shock, that, for a moment, she actually imagines Ottavio is the murderer of her father. Hence the opening words of the duet, which is now introduced:

"Fuggi, crudele, fuggi;  
Lascia che mora anch'io."

The delusion passed, she recognises her faithful lover, and falters a few apologetic words:—

"Tu sei—perdon—mio bene—  
L'affanno mio—le pene."

But one thought soon absorbs all others—the thought of the bereavement she has sustained.

"Ah il padre mio dov'è?"

To the professions of tenderness uttered by Don Ottavio, she has but one answer. She insists that he shall avenge her father; and with his vow that he will comply with her request, the duet and the scene terminate together.

(To be continued.)

## OLD BOOKS FORGOTTEN AND OUT OF PRINT.

No. I.

## "OBSERVATIONS ON VOCAL MUSIC,

BY WILLIAM KITCHENER, M.D."

(Continued from page 462.)

"With regard to simple emphasis, it is certain that every man who clearly comprehends what he says in private discourse, never fails to lay the emphasis on the right word; when, therefore, he is about to read or recite the words of others or his own in public, let him only reflect in what manner and with what kind of emphasis he would point out the meaning, if he were to deliver those words as proceeding from the immediate sentiments of his own mind in private discourse, and he will have an infallible rule of laying the emphasis right in all sentences whose meaning he clearly comprehends.

"Let him give a particular mark to these words, such as one of the accents used in Greek, that whenever he reads he may be put in mind of laying due stress on them by those visible marks; otherwise he will be apt, from habit, to fall into his usual manner of reading.

"It is not at the first, second, or third, or even the twentieth reading of their parts, that the comedians, whose professions it is to speak from memory, the sentiments of others, and yet to deliver them as if they were the result of their own immediate feeling, are able to hit upon the exact manner in which the words are to be delivered: they must first have them perfectly fixed in their memories; and, even then, it is only by repeated trials, and constant practice in rehearsals, that they are able to associate to them the just tones, looks, and gestures, that ought naturally to accompany them.

"The person who attempts to repeat what he has not perfectly by heart, has his faculties so absorbed in the act of recollection, that he cannot attend to the manner of his reciting, which becomes proportionally defective.

"All persons who pronounce English words properly, of course lay the accent right, as that is part of pronunciation; and never fail to do so in conversation. But many, when they come to read or speak in public, transgress the rules of accent. This arises from a mistaken notion in some, that words are rendered more distinct to a large assembly, by dwelling longer upon the syllables which compose them; and in others, that it adds to the pomp and solemnity of public declamation, in which they think everything ought to be different from private discourse. This has been chiefly the vice of the stage, and has principally given rise to the distinction of what is commonly called theatrical declamation, in opposition to that of the natural kind; into an imitation of which, many public speakers have been betrayed, and their manner called on that account theatrical. Upon examination it would appear, that it arises chiefly from their dwelling upon syllables that are unaccented, through a notion that it makes the words more slow, stately, and uniform, than the quicker and more spirited accents will allow. This was a fault which Shakspeare complained of in his time, and which has not been thoroughly amended since; though there have been some late efforts towards it, and some progress made in it. The passage alluded to in Shakspeare is in the advice given to the player by Hamlet; where, in laying down rules for a just delivery, he says, 'Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as some of our actors do, I had as lieve the town-crier spoke my lines.' By 'trippingly on the tongue,' he means the bounding from accent to accent; tripping along from word to word, without resting on syllables by the way. And by mouthing, is meant dwelling upon syllables that have no accent, and ought therefore to be uttered as quickly as is consistent with distinct articulation, or prolonging the sounds of the accented syllables, beyond their due proportion of time.

"The least degree of faultiness in this respect gives an artificial air to language, inasmuch as it differs from the usual, and what is commonly called natural manner of utterance, and is on that account, of all others, to be avoided most by public speakers, whose business it is, industriously to conceal it: and chiefly by players, whose office it is, in Shakspeare's phrase, 'to hold, as it were, a mirror up to nature.' It is true this vice does not prevail so much at present, as it has done in the memory of many persons now living; when it was thought an impropriety to have anything resembling real life in the representation of tragedy; when men were neither to walk nor speak like human creatures; and had 'neither the accents of Christians nor the gait of Christians, Pagans, or men.' Some indeed may say, like the player in *Hamlet*, 'We hope we have reformed that indifferently among us;' to whom I should reply in *Hamlet*'s words, 'O reform it altogether;'

and give the same earnest advice to all public speakers whatsoever; not only on account of the artificial air before mentioned which it gives to the utterance, but also as it changes the very genius of our tongue, and deprives it of that great source of distinctness and proportion, which I have before explained. If anyone pronounces the words *for-tune*, *en-croâch-men't*, *con-jec-ture*, *grat-itude*, *tô-mor-row*, *hap-piness*, *patience*; he does not utter words, at least not English words, but syllables; which, with us, are always tied together by an accent; as, *for-tune*, *en-croâchment*, *con-jec-ture*, *grat-itude*, *to-mor-row*, *hap-piness*, *patience*. And yet this is an error which almost all persons who speak with solemnity run into, for want of knowing in what true solemnity consists: which, though it may demand a slower utterance than usual, yet requires that the same proportion in point of quantity be observed in the syllables as there is in musical notes, when the same tune is played in quicker or slower time."

Those who wish to consider this subject more fully, are referred to Dr. Sheridan's two volumes, octavo, on the Art of Reading; his quarto on Elocution; and Mr. Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary; all which, indeed, ought to be attentively studied by every candidate for fame in public speaking or singing.

This art of singing is so difficult, that the practice of it seems not to be comprehensible by more than one in a million,—for who can reckon a dozen accomplished singers in Great Britain?

So many circumstances must combine to give singers full scope for their powers, that it is only wonderful that they ever perfectly succeed.

With all physical advantages, matured by a regular musical education, the singer must be in good health—and in good humour with himself, and all about him—and his mind must be in tune before he has any chance of tuning his voice.

The voice is powerful in proportion that the circulation supplies the organs of the voice with energy to execute the intentions of the singer, without which an accurate ear and an experienced throat will sometimes fail in producing the exact quality and quantity of tone they intend.

Anatomists have assured the editor that in the structure of the organs of the voice there is scarcely any perceptible difference; and I believe that the superior power, quality, and flexibility, etc., of some voices, arises from the singer using the organ in a peculiar manner than from any peculiar formation of it. Is not this proved by the powers some people possess of imitating the tones, etc., of various singers? The extraordinary imitations of Mr. Mathews are an instance of this.

The editor has heard Mr. Bellamy, in the same evening, sing a *counter tenor*, a *tenor*, and a *bass song*, with all the effect that either of those voices of the best quality could produce. This faculty of singing the various passages with all the characteristics of the respective voice, gives him a facility in teaching his pupils, which those who have an opportunity of visiting his academy in Sackville-street, will be highly gratified with hearing. This vocal academy is the only thing of the kind in this kingdom, and established by Mr. Bellamy at a considerable expense. It is in every respect equal to the great continental establishments, and there is little doubt but it will soon become as popular.

That the voice is occasionally too *flat*, or too *sharp*, etc., is not a matter of astonishment to those who know the arduous task singers have sometimes to execute. It would only be wonderful if it was not! How is the throat exempted from those collapses which occasionally paralyse every other fibre and function of our body?

(To be continued.)

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Saturday, July 25, 1857.]